

# SUBHUMAN

Issue #3

THE LOVE-THILL MURDERS

REFORM SCHOOL  
GIRLS

Larry Buchanan  
on Video

Evils of the Night

CARNAGE

Letters & more!

ECCENTRIC VIDEO  
AND FILM

OPINIONS

PROPAGANDA

MADNESS!



# SUBHUMAN

no.3

oct./nov. 1986

edited by:  
cecil doyle

assistant editor:  
dawn doyle

guest contributors:

dave szurek

greg goodsell

reviewed by:  
jim smith

subscription rates:

two dollars for five issues to  
cecil doyle  
1509 w. st. mary  
lafayette  
louisiana  
70506

Trash  
Movies  
As Art

THE WORLD'S MOST VIOLENT HORROR/SPLATTER SHOP

DEMENTIA HORROR SHOP, MAIL-ORDER SERVICE

c/o H. Bogenhagen  
P.O. 3016  
57400 KETLANDA  
SWEIDEN



Since this is the 3rd issue and I've yet never taken the time to thank personally or give credit to contributors...well, here goes! First off, I have to give entire credit of my list of subscribers to fellow "suck" publications, Herb Schrader's VIDEO DRIVE-IN (\$3.50 subscription rate to PO Box 12311, Columbus OH 43232), Craig Ledbetter and Tim Farrant's HI-TECH TERROR (\$6.00 to PO Box 41, Sappart NJ 07735) and Buddy, Jeff Queen's DEAD ON ARRIVAL (\$9.00 to PO Box 835, Sheboygan WI 53082-0835). Since these kind gents gave me free publicity and support, I've been receiving mail from degenerates around the globe and have loved every single piece of it. Also I have to thank folks like Hugh Gallagher, Kris Gilpin and the guys at CRYPTICIA HORROR SHOP of Sweden whose postaged pats on the back have encouraged me to not even think of giving up the ship.



Please check out the excellent reviews submitted to me for the issues you are currently holding in your lunchbooks. I first encountered Greg Goodall's amazingly descriptive account of the early cinema of Larry Buchanan awhile back in an issue of LONIAH, THE MAGAZINE FROM VENUS. It was one of the finest articles I've ever read in this family of amateur film press. Here, he follows up that article with LATER BUCHANAN ON VIDEO as well as a review of THE LOVE-DEATH MURDER. Greg is a true SUSHOON if there ever was one. (and we know there ARE!) Dave Saurok is both loved and loathed throughout fandom press. His amazingly consistent output is known to nearly everyone who picks up genre fanzines. Now to probably pick off a large percentage of the readership in Dr. Dave's extremely positive state on Andy Milligan's CARNAGE along with his views on the Claudia Jennings bayou epic, GATOR BAIT. Somewhere, I've managed to throw in a couple of short experiences I've gone thru at the local cinema....and of course, your exquisite pieces of mail!

FUCK TONY HOOPER! How could the same human responsible for the incredible classic TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE allow SAW 2 to ever be scripted, much less released? Fuckin' big Hollywood bucks is how. Hopefully, now that his three-picture contract with Cannon Films has expired, his career will be ruined by the diarrhea he's put on screen lately. I couldn't believe it! It wasn't funny, Hooper and it should never have been made. I was going to review the thing this issue but figured, "why bother?". However, you may want to pay the ridiculously outrageous price of ten dollars to check out the new CINEMASTIQUE with an outstanding article on the story behind the making of the original SAW.

Speaking of publications, have you noticed the flux of articles dealing with lowbrow cinema being flaunted in major film and video mags these days? VIDEO FIVES had a cover story called "Bad Video". Be sure, if you haven't already, to get yourself a copy of the August '86 issue of FILM COMMENT. Absolutely timely publication featuring a great history of Women In Prison films, an interview with David P. Friedman, Sexploitation discussed by Jimmy McDonough, the Tron Pictures story by Bill Landis and much more (including a centerfold of Dr. Ruth). It's available for \$1.50 (ask for July/August 1986) from Film Comment, 140 West 65th street, New York NY 10023

Special round of thanks to SUB's resident artist, Jim Smith, for filling space nicely.

DON'T FAIL TO NOTIFY OUR NEW ADDRESS! We are now at: 1509 West Saint Mary, Lafayette LA 70506

See you all in December with our "Nuclear Winter Issue".....

Sincerely,

Cecil



## mailbox

Cecil,

SMB's cover was an eye catcher if ever there was one. Glad to see a letter's page & thanks for printing mine. Your very in-depth article on "Shocking Video" warrants a hudo or two. Others have covered similar ground but none as well as you did in SMB. People like to think that video censorship can't happen in the good ol' US of A. Well around here some religious fanatics are trying to ban those "Garbage Pail Kids" cards. England & Australia routinely censor or just plain outright prohibit certain movies from reaching their shores and if the current US climate continues, then I for one can see tough times ahead for the rabid gore fanatic. I, for one, don't care for these death documentaries but I hate censorship even worse.

Graig Ledbetter  
Richardson, TX.

Hi Cecil!

Thanks for my first ish of SUBHUMAN. I really liked it! Reminds me of the irreverent underground feel of stuff I used to read back in the hippie days ('66-'68). Best of luck on your sined Saint wishes,  
Chas. Sahm  
Westminster, CA.

Cecil,

SUBHUMAN #2 is a fennine you can feel confident tooting your horn about. My piece makes me feel humbled as it's probably the least impressive part of the whole mag.....

"Shocking Video" was extremely well written. I have esasthetic and sometimes moral (but not the type which believes they create depraved mindless out of whole cloth. I've witnessed that in some cases, people who are already depraved mindless are attracted to these. The more pseudo-sophisticated depraved movies often become the video target. With video, they don't have to watch them in the company of less sophisticated depraved santsage or take a chance on getting mugged in the aisles by Black or Hispanic ones from the ghetto) objections to

the "gross-out" (for the sake of "gross-out") film, but being an overaged leftist whom some people have accused of being unwavere the Sixties have ended and that I am fast approaching middle age, what I find offensive is the current conservative climate, itself. I find it more offensive that some people actually support Ronald Reagan and appalling that there is a (in "some" cases, a self revealingly) mindless audience for the gross out flick. I find it offensive too, that some people are more concerned with what goes on on the screen than in real life....

When you really stop to think about it, SAM is pretty damned Establishment oriented. The Establishment frowns on ritualizing and making obvious the pain and the domination/inequality aspect of sex that it's long preached, perhaps because it strips away the mask of sophistication thinly covering it, but it's the same thing without pretensions. This is the same department of the psyche that makes the Establishment look down on streetwalkers when it's whole structure is based on SUBTLE prostitution....

Dave Saurek  
Detroit, MI.

Hello Cecil,

I have enjoyed both issues of SUBHUMAN and I'm eager for more. Each issue contained both interesting and "wild" articles, and that is a winning combination! I like the variety of the visuals too. The only thing I didn't care for much was Dave Saurek's "Random Guide" piece. Everything else has been A-OK. I guess I can now rest easy until SUBHUMAN #3 rises.

Mike Phillips  
St. Albans, N.Y.



DON'T GO LETTING  
YOUR  
BRAIN ITCH!  
send  
comments to

**SUB  
HUMAN**  
cecil doyle  
1509 w. st. mary  
lafayette  
louisiana  
70506

MOSE MAIL!!!

Cecil,

Saw **FACES OF DEATH** PART III. Go Franco go! Disappointingly, the logical narrative progression of the series with Dr. Gross becoming richer and richer with each new installment was not touched upon. Gross in Regine's Disco with Death Heads Groupies about, rubbing shoulders with Ben Johnson and Glenn Frey; Gross collapsing in a fit of convulsive giggles when Johnson hits him in the shoulder saying, "So, what line of business ya in, Gross?" The closest we come to that is Gross decked out in South American whites smilling howwada tequila in--where else!--El Salvador. The sight of the grisly doctor fondling white bunny rabbits while two pedophile girls skipping about with Easter baskets milingers for days. His narration is even more decrepit than ever! "I call this final segment 'God Spelled Backwards!'" "I see da man jump from the building, he go uplet!"

Saw **DOOR AND THE LUNATICS**, heralded by TV's Entertainment Tonight as the worst video ever released. Pretty bad, but not the worst. Has something to do with Pandemonium convenes flourishing in backwoods California. Have been trying like a bitch to see **SCOTT SIVITER** aka **LOVE THRILL KILLERS** with Troy Donahue as Hansen. That should be somethin' to fuckin' see!

Too often though, cult film fandom has gone into a rut, reviewing only cheap, depraved items and ignoring other worthwhile unusual films. How many reviews of **HUEY THOM DIE BLOND**? Can you take? There are too many fan publications to wallow in ignominy before burn-out sets in.

Take care,  
Greg Goodall

Hi Cecil:

Just returned from California after 16 days of pestering all my friends! About time I catch up on some mail. Received the latest **SUBMAN** just before leaving. I bet I have the only issue in existence that flew across the country twice in a DC-10 ... although, knowing how our postal system works ... there are probably copies out there flown to Viet Nam and back!

I'm sorry Cecil ... I simply can't get into your 'zine. I mean, all that talk of gore, the grisly photos, drawings of characters picking their meat, sweatshirts, guts, word bubbles with far-out dialog laid over shots from classic movies. I just don't know. These types of things are damaging to the masses. I'm willing to do this much, however. Promise to send me **EVERY ISSUE** of **SUBMAN** so I can monitor the sickness level of the 'zine. Perhaps in time you will mend the evilness that possesses someone to enjoy this type of literature. I think it's very important that I get **EVERY ISSUE** because I am concerned about what happens to our country. I'll be certain to read every page and seek out the terrific ... cops ... terrible illustrations you publish. It's my duty as an American to do my part and read this magnificen ... damn ... admirable thing called **SUBMAN**.

Now, don't forget! I do wish to receive future issues ... but let me make it plain it is because I simply love what ... oh shit! ... simply love what you're doing. I'll be a martyr and struggle through each edition.

KEEP UP THE ROFFO WAR!

ah..

YOURS TRULY,

Tim Ferrante  
Keyport, N.J.



# LATER BUCHANAN ON VIDEO

by greg goodsell



As the story is told, when AIP executives informed hack auteur Larry Buchanan he was a week behind schedule and budget on *Curse of the Swamp Creature* (1966), his immediate reply was in leaning a random handful of the shooting script, tossing it into the East Texas swamp saying, "There! On schedule and budget!" Such a pragmatic approach to filmmaking doubtlessly enabled Buchanan to keep directing long after completing that series of Filmed science-fiction film remakes for American International Television. Happily, his later works are now available on videocassette, his hairy, paranoid vision undiluted by the Seventies and Eighties.

Still, *Goodbye Norma Jean* (1975, Thorne EMI) is atypical Buchanan. While fitting into his expose oeuvre such as *The Other Side of Bonnie and Clyde* (1968) and *The Rebel Jesus* (1975), there is none of the letterboxedness of his better known works. *Norma Jean* is joyously "badcamp" filmmaking with all the attendant joys and cheap thrills contained therein. Much credit must go to the central performance of Misty Rowe as the young Marilyn Monroe, whose swathed performance borders on stylization. As a teenager, Rowe has the young Marilyn leaping and skipping in one place trying to convey vivaciousness but looking on the verge of weeping in her purbles instead. Her hairstyle has large thick curls constantly in her eyes, face, and mouth while the viewer nervously pushes away their bangs in empathy.

The episodic plot has the young Marilyn paying her dues through the usual route of casting couches, kink modeling assignments, and stag films. Metro-Goldwyn Meyer becomes "Lion Rampant." In a bit of wish fulfillment casting, Buchanan himself essays the role of a powerful movie mogul who guides Marilyn to superstardom. The most revelatory scene occurs midway when a band of Hollywood Crowleyites throw an orgy in Buchanan's mansion and show a "snuff film" (interestingly, the film shows two down-on-their-luck starlets butchering a deerlet rather than the accepted notion of the women being on the receiving end of such porn—perhaps a bit closer to the truth than many would like.) Buchanan enters the screening room and demands the revelers to leave at once. Since *Norma Jean* was filmed at the height of the snuff film panic with Roberta Findlay's similarly titled product making the rounds, it's likely Buchanan felt he needed to make a strong "statement." Buchanan has gone on record as having seen an actual snuff film, "and me, being an Aquarius, that makes my blood boil."

More concrete social comments came in his *Mistress of the Apes* (1981, Monterey Home Video), classical Buchanan in every way. Non-existent pacing; droning, endless medium shots. All scenes with the slightest hint of action are filmed in stroboscopic slow motion, a la TV's "Six Million Dollar Man." Jenny Neumann plays the widow of an anthropologist believed still lost in Africa. Leaving New York City after heroin addicted thugs disrupt the hospital where she assumes her child, she goes in search of her hubby in Kenya, where he was last heard of investigating reports of missing link "near-men."

She discovers a small tribe of semi-Neanderthals whose sole female member has been killed by the unsavory poachers in her hunting party. Neumann attempts to communicate with the women by donning skimpy lamboches and suggestively eating a banana. She elects to remain with the tribesmen after offing the bad guys, "free at last."

*Mistress of the Apes* offers the viewer the rare privileged of viewing misogyny and chauvinism with the flimsy veneer of "progressive feminism" scarcely discussing it. Redacted with sex and violence, *Mistress of the Apes* is nonetheless an ideological connoisseur of sleaze. Buchanan does have things to say, even if it isn't necessarily what he wants to be hear. The love theme opened by Buchanan's son, Barry, is worth the price of video rental alone.

Buchanan's latest, *Loch Ness Horror* (1982, Monterey Home Video/Midnight Madness) is another thing entirely. Even this devout Buchanan-philic reviewer (I don't hesitate to the "unacceptable" lie: it is easily the worst example of the speculative monster genre, which includes such effluvia as *Curse of Bigfoot* (1966/1972) and *Legend of Boggy Creek* (1973). *Monster* drones on endlessly with beautiful exterior photography of the Scottish (Californian?) countryside, has son Barry Buchanan in the lead as an inept biologist, and in general goes nowhere fast. In the manner of colleague Andy Milligan, Buchanan follows the low-budget technique of having his characters in domestic settings talk away all the action. The monster is an amphibious hand puppet that would not pass muster on TV's "Beany and Cecil" cartoon show.

—continued—

The scant reward offered to those of us with the superhuman endurance to sit through it all comes in the climatic scenes, which, for some reason, are shot completely out of focus. Did Buchanan foresee this film being last played on hunched Drive-In triple bills and effort to alienate the last remaining audience members with this starting neo Buchanan technique, enhancing the dream-like nature of the film and film in general? Probably not. He probably just didn't give a shit.

The later works of Buchanan on video are curiously devoid of the sex and violence found in exploitation, but then again sex and violence has never been what drives us to those films in the first place. (After all one could rent hardcore porno and Rambo to fulfil these cinematic needs, which are more readily available than the films which take up SUBHUMAN 3's runtime.) An increasingly cynical worldness coupled with an idealistic desire for more independent voices in cinema is what drives us to see these wretched relics of America's looming shore. The anachronistically BAD still always hold sway over mainstream mediocrity. Even the most realistic has long since deemed the completely unrealistic as the last thing with any true potential.

The films of Larry Buchanan zoom in on that special '2' size of the soul at the corner 7-11. No no other size to strike the least sympathetic waver. As the clerk at the funky neighborhood movie rental store says, 'No one tries of telling me how busy Mistress of the Apes is, but it ain't like crazy!'



It's reassuring to know in this day and age that every once in awhile, someone will have the balls to release a near zero-budget sci-fi schlock fest filled with sex, silly villains and John Carradine to unsuspecting audiences pre-arranged to expect otherwise. Hardi Rusten's EVILS OF THE NIGHT is a welcome entry to a genre which has all but ceased to exist in a decade barely trickling such fare. After renting the cassette (on Lightning Video), it recently hit the local theatre and drive-in circuit with the ad campaign illustrated here. Upon entering the theatre, some young girl pointed the poster to her dad who sneered, "yeah, those movies are made by a bunch of sickos". Please still wrinkle brows.

Five aliens (Carradine, Julie Newmar, Tina Louise and a couple of lesbians...whatta force to reckon with!) take over a hospital obviously rather secluded from civilisation. They are conducting experiments that call for fresh teenage blood, so hire Neville Brand and Aldo Ray as a couple of bumbling gas station attendants to abduct youthful donors usually right in the middle of a sexual encounter. All of the action takes place either in the woods, the auto garage or the hospital...two of the victim's names are Ron and Nancy (!)...the only special effect used in the entire film is an animated asp emitted from the extraterrestrial's combination ring/walkie-talkie/weapon...banana munching girls discuss sex and fantasize about Prince Andrew....whatta flick!!

While the audience present seemed disappointed a bit at springing four bucks apiece to see and experience a modern day silly alien epic, they probably didn't notice whatta good time they had laughing at and with this film. In fact, they (and I) enjoyed a unique and rare occurrence since it's been some time that such a product has seen the light of a movie projector at least in this area. Another great thing about EVILS OF THE NIGHT is that you can never foresee which of the characters are gonna get wasted. It holds a nice level of surprise thru out it's 85 minute running time. Tacky disco score pervading around bikini'd babes constantly reminds you this is the product a neo-schlock mind. Neville Brand has never been funnier or cleaner...gee, there's hardly a damn bad thing to say about this film. Hardi Rusten could well be on his way to becoming the perfect modern day heir to a lost genre. Go to your local rental shop and rent this baby.

CS



GATOR BAIT  
(1974-theatrical)- I.U.D.(really!) Video)  
Stars: Claudia Jennings, Sam Gilman, Bill Thurman,  
Clyde Ventura, Doug Kirkham, Tracy Sebastian, Don Baldwin

Review by Dave Szarek

The day I first saw the box for this picture, I grew curious and fascinated. I had very dim memories of having encountered the "title" and nothing else descriptive in the course of research on "obscure horror movies" awhile back, ad-lines "hinted" at "horror" although the graphic portion of the box was very nondescript, giving us no idea of what to expect apart from the sight of Claudia Jennings in revealing but not R-rated style attire. Unfortunately, the outlet spoken of, tapes boxes to the walls, so I was unable to pursue the plot summary traditionally printed on the back. By odd coincidence, I read a review wherein it was described as "worthless junk" (oh, the reviewer enjoyed it alright but saw as a "good-bad film". Even in that sense however, the description, "worthless junk" struck me a bit incongruous. And that brings me to the admission that we'd be wise to stop throwing the word "bad" around loosely, as well. For one thing, it's a semantic concession to our opponents' standards, when often what we call "bad" is not so much "lousy" as an alternative form of cinema. I've even known of people to automatically use the "bad" label to identify genre or budget...GATOR BAIT looks as if shot on a welfare check..it's not the "shlockiest" film around..but on a "creative" plane, it also shows a surprising amount of skill) less than a week later. The plot synopsis given therein didn't sound like "horror" to me. After viewing the film my suspicions of inappropriateness were confirmed. What gave? Possibly the publicity given this obscurity when it was released to presumably the handful of cities where it played was misleading to the point of miscegen. Perhaps it misrepresented itself as "horror" to appeal to a ready-made audience? Afterall, in 1974, it was not yet common knowledge that an all-purpose "skate cult" even existed! Although it does have a decidedly offbeat atmosphere and vague references are made to the supernatural, it is never confirmed whether the latter are part of consensus reality or "all in the mind". They are never dramatized, just spoken of. While violent, the film is not even able to use "gore" as an excuse for the "horror" label, for with the possible exception of one solitary scene involving a shotgun and a vagina, it is no more "graphic" than the average biker epic of the late Sixties/ early Seventies.

I'm sure no one expects me to compare GATOR BAIT favorably to CITIZEN KANE but as what it is- quick, independently made escapism- it is big enough a cut above it's peers that I am downright surprised it has remained SO obscure, even in "the underground", for SO long. In addition to an unmistakable "sense of enthusiasm" which convinces us that while cheap and superficially sleazy, an "emotional investment" was present and someone at least "wanted" to turn out a decent product, the whole thing is aided considerably by a surprisingly good original basic score composed by producer/director Ferd Sebastian and performed by an unfairly undiscovered talent named Lee Marin. Apart from Bill Thurman as the stereotypical fat Southern sheriff named Joe Bob (in CRISTINA FROM BLACK LAKE, he was a fat Southern sheriff named Billy Carter...Coincidence or what?). The cast is also surprisingly decent for this sort of thing. And screenwriter Beverly Sebastian (Ferd's wife!) has fashioned some believable, unusually (for budget) multi-dimensional, well-defined characters. Even the Bad Guys...and they communicate a sense of "badness" nevertheless... emerge as "real people".



GREAT B MOVIE QUEEN OF THE 70's  
CLAUDIA JENNINGS



Plot? Well, the local deputy whom because of Joe Bob's obvious reputation, happens to be the guys' son, and a local redneck, attempt to exploit the crime of poaching as a pretense to rape Cajon Queen Clydia Jennings. She escapes, and in the process, deputy accidentally offs his partner. It's a clear-cut case of accidental death but scared and so being, regarding a cover-up necessary, he burthails it back to town where he pins the murder on Jennings. The dead man's playboy, redneck family joins sheriff and deputy on a posse into the bayou. It soon becomes apparent, even to the Sheriff who is more "weak" than "evil", that the dead one's family is out for the sort of personal vendetta that cancels out bringing back the quarry alive. His attempts to effect these plans prove ineffectual, as do his weak-kneed efforts at preventing the rape of a Bayou woman. The rapists' whip wielding father condones this behavior with "Boys will be boys" but things get really heavy when one of the sons turns out to be a true-blue naysayer whom when sexually excited prefers murder to screwing. Learning of the death, Jennings stops running and declares one-woman-one-small-boy-with-a-gun-that-he-knows-how-to-use war on the invaders. I doubt that that I have to tell you how it turns out...who survives and who doesn't...but getting to that final reel is alot of fun, anyway.

GATOR BAIT may not be Perfection incarnate but for my money, it's one of the more enjoyable "sleaze" pictures available. Some people may call it "lowbrow" but I can't remember it ever being boring and if it sounds like your cup of tea, it does recommended.

# THE LOVE-THRILL MURDERS

by greg goodsell

Quick, can you name the 1971 no-budget exploitation film that warranted coverage in Newsweek magazine, was mentioned in Doomeday Prophets for Profit Hal (The Late Great Planet Earth) Lindsey's Satan is Alive and Well and Living on Planet Earth as a scathing example of "countered Christianity" and proclaimed by PBS's Sneak Previews Jeffrey Lyons as "bar none the worst film I have ever seen, so overwhelmed was I by its sheer cruelty"? Buzzin' times up, yep, you guessed it, it's Troy Donahue's infamous Manson vehicle Sweet Savour, now released on video-cassette as The Love Thrill Murders. So shocking, even by today's standards, that only people as depraved as the filmmakers would think of releasing it-natch, it winds its way to us untucky viewers by the terrible tale of Trans Releasing. (for a different type of horror story go read SLEAZOID EXPRESS, Bill Landes' expose on that outfit in the Summer Exploration Issue of Film Comment.)

What great career did would compel California boy Troy Donahue to star in this X-rated (VSP rating) sex and gore flick, filmed in a week in New York on two sets with a budget edging slightly into the low figure range? Credit? Too many micro-dots of Blue Sunshine on the tongue? Young and irresponsible (local seeing the ads for this thing in the grubby adult theater section at the time of its release, the title smeared in blood with semi-naked girls, looking about with the slogan "They will DO ANYTHING FOR HIM HAVE SEX WITH HIM KILL FOR HIM" turned into my pre-adolescent psyche. Flick begins with a ritual with Donahue/Manson/ Moon. In the script utilizing the newest member of the hippies cult in an abandoned church. He lays a nubile naked hippie girl on the altar and bones her in front of the promiscuous congregation. Cut to Donahue wheezing about downtown New York on his motorcycle, too "easy in the wind" - patting priests on the back. - running over pigeons. Flipping off the blood Trade Center, all the while the romantic theme song "Sweet Savour" croons in the background as the heavily added Love Thrill Murders card flashes by. Cut to rough, bushy hippie commune, a very ordinary apartment with "hippies" strewn on the floor to them. Cut to interior of hippie commune, a very ordinary clothing store of a man holding for atmosphere. The camera dwells necessarily on a poster for an antique clothing store of a man holding faces, a disguised expression on his face with the slogan. Tired of the same old shit. preparing for a wild weekend with some rich bitches. needing to stock up on drugs beforehand. He has the girls blow the pretzel vendor in exchange for the dope. "You are me, I am you - she is she, and she is you..."

continued on next page



Can to a barely pregnant starlet making the connections for the big guy to be. Her husband is away on location in Europe directing. She invites a lesbian, an obese Jay Sebring clone, and a May-December romance to the "vile" for an evening of fun and games. Said vile is an ordinary tract house decorated in tasteless Seventies disco decor. When the camera pans for no apparent reason on the lag toying with ornamental lamp tassels, we realize that these people are going to die and the honesty it only for their taste alone.

The cultists arrive and the fun begins. One of the hippies is a very young David (Last House On The Left) who winds up seduced by the queen in transvestite drag! The rich guests seduce the cultists, and in turn are brutally slaughtered while opening new morbid points to speculate. I suppose this The film panders to our basest instincts while opening new morbid points to speculate. I suppose this is how it really happened? "Oh look Jay, some nice young hippie people! Power to the people! Up against the wall motherfucker, tee-hee, tee-hee. What? What are you doing? You want to be me up? Oh, all right, but be careful. I'm 'preggers. I know What? What are you doing with that knife? Jay? Jay? Jay?"

A chilling epilogue has the blood-soaked Mansonites stopped by highway patrolmen who detain them briefly only to let them go. "this town" a free country an' all." The film ends with Troy once again on his motorcycle, nihil free in the wind, the theme song with lush string arrangements over the end credits, no mention of repentance or punishment. Only in the movies could you come up with something more revolutionary than the genuine promise For sheer staidity nothing surpasses The Love Thrill Murders. See it with someone you love.

## lurking on the shelves

Once again, it's time to tip off all you subhumanoide to new action possibly going down at one of your neighborhood video rental shops. And a few decent additions we have, if I say so myself...Out on Thorn Video is that 1960 sci-fi thriller, **AMBIT RED PLANET**....For those of you into violent women's prison stuff, Embassy beats you up with **THE RED MUST OUT**....Calling all Hammer-philes; it's **Martina Newick** in 1971's **ON, SKILL & SISTER** from Thorn Vid....One of my fave outlets, Vestron, unleashes their own compilation tape of best "worst" movies entitled **FILM NOISE FEVER**....Embassy offers the incredible film, **THE FLESH EATING**, a classic from '64.... And speaking of flesh, let us not forget Veronica Lake as the mad scientist in **FLESH FIAT**. Now from World Video....Prison has finally released one of the truly bizarre schlock sci-fi epics from the Sixties, **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER**....Catch the adventures of five female bikers on a rampage in Academy's **HEMLOCK**....Lightning Video unleashes that cheapo production from director Charles B. Pierce (alias Raynor Chuckles from earlier TV days in **Shreveport**), **THE LEGEND OF BLOOD CREEK**....Here b/w 50's fare comes from Monterey's **METECOR MONSTER**....Oh! Rhino Video is at it again with an excellent documentary on extreme devotees of The Ring with **MONDO ELVIS**....Media has put out one of the finer recent women's prison fare with **THE NAKED CAGE**....The fantastic **PLAYHOLE KILLER** is out on New World Vid with William Korwin as the damaged killer artist and Neil Sedaka singing goofy tunes....**PSYCH-OUT** is on Thorn; the classic 1960 flick with Susan Strasberg, Jack Nicholson and Bruce Dern when all were true acidheads....A great title may encourage you to rent **SCREAM AND DIE**, failed with horror, nudity and sadomasochism from Lightning....Finally, United Video has released a couple of must-sees with SATAN'S CIRCUSMAFERS, a 1977 offering with John Carradine and directed by Graydon Clark ("Acid" from Al Thomson's classics, SATAN'S SADISTS) as well as the rarely seen **SINISTER ROOM FURNISHED**, which is probably the strangest (and last) of the tellinoid appearances of Jayne Mansfield (see **SUBHUMAN #1**). A real tour-de-force.



# SUB HUMAN



# CARNAGE

(Media 1986 - a rumor exists that this was actually completed in 1981 but shelved and released direct-to-video in 1986. Anyone know for sure? Not to be confused with a Mario Bava film variously known as CARNAGE, TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE, THE DEATH NERVE, BAT OF BLOOD and ANATOMY OF A CRIME. Stars: Leslie Den Dooven, Michael Chiodo, John Grant, Rosemary Egan, John Garret)

REVIEW  
by  
Dave  
Szurak

This is the week that you learn once and for all that something is ironic in Sawdust. I can appreciate the appeal of GOOD-Badfilm (although I do not regard KERRY Badfilm GOOD Badfilm) but I consider myself first and last, an ordinary horror movie buff who merely stayed too long at the fair and was still around when that particular collective evolved into Badfilm Jargon. (NOTE: I refuse to define anything as "Badfilm" strictly on the flimsy basis of budget and usually find it offensive when someone else --- even the "Bad Is Good" crowd --- declare that that's enough to justify the label.) I can empathize to a degree with a fondness towards a few "Badfilm" artists such as Eddie Wood. But I'll probably be tarred and feathered for admitting that before I knew it was wrong to do so, I used to sit in the theatre and itch over Herschell Gordon Lewis. As for 50's icons, I often think the decade would've fared a little better without Richard Curtis, Alex Cogan, Herbert L. Strunk or Herman Cohen. Roger Corman of the 50's ran hot and cold, and there are certain of his products that you wouldn't find so putting down even when it was fashionable to do so (and for a spell in the Sixties, it was). Togo, Astoria and Larry Buchanan all get so peaking an record time. Some have taken me to task as "too critical" for not liking every darn thing put on film, more than once.

And yet, I'm the creature for whom Michael Weldon has said no home exists. That's right-I am fond of Andy Milligan (or rather, his movies). Not on the level of George Romero or even Larry Cohen. Of course, and I am not reluctant to loosely call his output "Bad". But indigenous to his films is the sort of weird charm that makes me use the term, "INDIE Badfilm". Characteristic is the invaluable "sense of enthusiasm" which makes those of us used to certain narrow standards resort to the description, "superficial almeno as opposed to more trendy, "sneaky". There's a subtle but significant difference, so far as I'm concerned, and while hardly award winners, I'll shout from the mountaintops that the typical Milligan flick radiates an enduring feeling of crude sincerity (better, in my opinion, than sophisticated insincerity). The Milligan Film is highly individualistic and virtually never boring.

Like most of his product, the slightly misnarrated (in that it makes it sound like a "splatter" film when in fact there is only one scene with slight qualify) CARNAGE is more dril than chilling at times seems intentionally so although personally, I hope Milligan hasn't fallen so badly for the "Cult" hype that it's other than accident. If it were less dril, it would probably be less entertaining, but Andy's a guy we can count on.

In the suitably grotesque prologue, we find a bride and groom fulfilling a suicide pact while "The Wedding March" plays on the phonograph. Spensive credits shot by a guy with palsy and then, we jump ahead a few years to a pair of modern neopunks moving into the house where those antics took place. Although the typical Milligan no-talent actress, Leslie Den Dooven's wild weight problem lends an air of actor-borne and plausibility, non-actor Michael Chiodo's inherent appearance of some clownishness gives him the look of the blue-collar worker from down the street, and thus the star thing is accomplished. Neither party exudes shallow glossy glamour, aiding the impression that "real people" are involved. I just wish those "real people" could afford acting lessons but I guess we have to thank Heaven for small favors, eh? Scams, uterills and other inanimate objects start being pulled around by "invisible strings" which, sorry to say, ARE visible to people with 20/20 vision, or else conveniently lie at the edge of the screen while being moved by supposedly unseen hands. Others are literally THROWN. A lot of fun and games at first, but again and a couple of inept burglars who choose the wrong house to ramrack, heads dropping like flies after being struck by scaring knives or else deciding to take a bath in a tub due for a visit from an electrical appliance. It finally downs on the neopunks that it's time to split, but the ghosts (the suicides seen in the prologue, of course) are loneness for their own kind and that

(CONTINUED)

## CARNAGE (cont.)

naturally leads to a "fight to the finish".

The passage of time has proven to me that Andy Milligan is not everybody's drug of choice - not even every self proclaimed Radfilm buff. It boggles ME mind to realize that there are people who enjoy R.D. Lewis and yet find Andy Milligan a waste of time, but wherever that happens, I remind myself that there are different strokes for different folks and that they are regarding me with the same sort of curiosity. I laughed my ass off (no - not quite right - I just checked and it's still there), had a lot of fun and didn't end up feeling ripped off, but not everybody will be as positive. Dave Bob says check it out if it appeals and now he's gotta hide from a dude named Weldon.

# REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS

After awhile, one can get the feeling of continuous deja-vu when becoming a devout fan of the ol' caged chick flick. You realize they're basically the exact same plotline over and over but something makes you want see every single one available, no matter what! I don't catch what can hook someone into this sort of cinematic rut other than the fact that some can be a damn fucked up good time.

New World Pictures has unleashed a welcome addition to the seemingly endless batch with REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS, a film by Tom De Haven. Though semi-void of the extreme sleaziness that has sacrosancted the genre since the Seventies, it's genius of humor, great cast and good camerawork places it as one of it's true classics (right alongside SUI DOLL HOUSE, CAGED HEAT, SWEET STEAK, CHAINED HEAT and THE NAKED GAZE). Besides that, it's got some of the greatest lingere ever subjected to the screen.

Fridge More Reform School is where the action takes place with a couple of new prisoners experiencing life with Pat as their demented caretaker, Sybil Danning as the near Nazi-like warden and a score of badass dolls including rocker Woody O'Williams, a natural for the part of mean bitch dyke of the block. All of the mandatory "NO ---" signs decorate the walls along with heavy metalish paraphernalia for that BO's lack. Of course, there's the naive but tuff newcomer, played by Linda Carol, blowing against the wind of the twisted institution while trying her best to protect a much more fragile prison virgin (who made bad companions in the form of a toy rabbit or a live kitten). Oh, and let us not forget the apathetic member of the institution always playing Big Sister to the prisoners and the ever present shower scenes.

While REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS is basically played for laughs, it isn't done to such an excess that plagues silly POLICE ACADEMY-style films of today....instead we find a nice compromise that is somewhere between subtle and outrageous. The definite mark of a "cult" item, a very well paced screenplay is a film with lines like, "You're nothing more than a whitetail on the parties of life". The hard rock musical score gives it another touch of individuality that may set a new standard for future cuttings of this type.

Whether or not you go for these women's prison flicks, there's a good chance you'll enjoy REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS. Take a visit to Fridge More soon. BRING ON THE WHITES! CD

I WANT MY  
MkTv!

UNTIL NEXT  
TIME...  
BYE!!



MAGICK THEATRE TELEVISION

Join us Video MAGICK THEATRE Magazine We are proud to announce the first subscription volume of Magick Theatre has hit back at three corners theaters and home video stores and wherever MKTV will turn up your shopping card when you call 1-800-918-0877. (no advertising orders) send to: Raymond P. Weisberg, PO Box 9498, Bethesda, MD 20818-0498 or call 301-271-0877.

# THE END